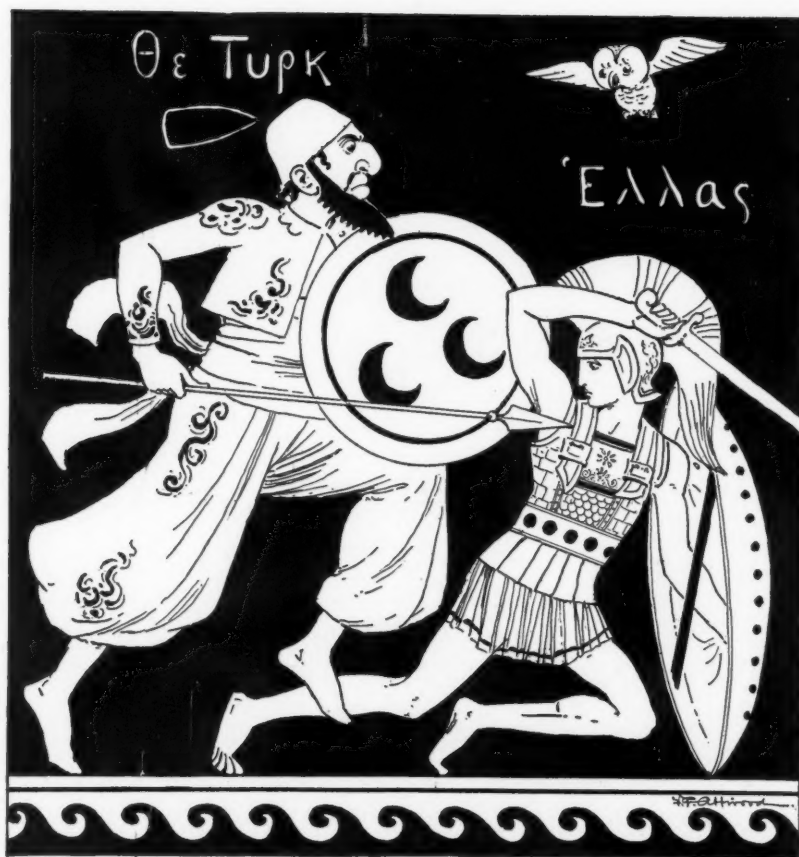


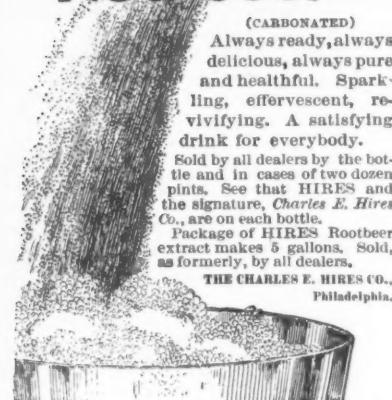
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GREEK VASE PAINTING, A. D., 1897.

Good Health and  
Good Cheer  
flow from every  
bottle of

**HIRES**  
Rootbeer



## LIFE'S Prize Competition . . .

WHAT ARE THE TEN  
BEST SHORT POEMS?

A popular vote will be taken on this interesting subject by the readers of LIFE, and the one whose list of the Ten Best Poems in the English Language is nearest the combined judgment, according to all the lists sent in, will be awarded an original signed picture beautifully framed in gilt. This picture is a wash drawing by T. K. Hanna, Jr., size 20x30 inches, and its value is \$125. The name and address of each competitor must accompany each list, and not more than one list will be considered from any one individual. The competition will be closed on July 1st, no lists being considered after that date.

ALL LISTS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO  
"PEGASUS," IN CARE OF LIFE . . .

Arnold  
Constable & Co.

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Silk and Wool Fabrics.

*Check Paulette.*

*Plain & Check Moire Poplinette.*

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*Fancy Grenadine,  
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*Plain and Glace Taffetas,  
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THOSE AMAZING PASTORALS.

"I WANT TO PUT AN 'AD' ON YOUR DROP CURTAIN."

"ALL RIGHT. SHALL WE HAVE THE SCENE PAINTER DO IT?"

"NO, I'LL GET A SIGN PAINTER. I WANT SOMETHING PRETTY GOOD."

**JACK:** Don't you think that railroad stock of Jones's was a good buy?

JIM: Yes, a good-by to the money invested.

I HELD four girls—oh, glorious thrill !  
Poker was *not* the game;

But I sat in a cable car  
As round a curve we came.

**DYER:** How soft the muscles of your arms are.

DUELL: Yes, I haven't called on a girl in two months.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIX. MAY 13, 1897. No. 751.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.  
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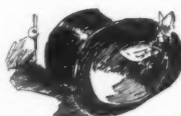


THINGS have not been going between Greece and Turkey as our sympathies demanded. The Greeks seem, somehow, after fighting with great zeal, to have suddenly lost their grip. Larissa fell practically without resistance. The Turks, moreover, seem to have been doing battle in very gentlemanlike form, and without atrocities. The Greek fleet, from which something was expected, has done nothing. It is all very sad. M. Ralli, a Greek statesman with a timely and appropriate name, has come to the front in Athens with courageous sentiments, and may accomplish something, but Greek war news at present is dismal reading, and offers no developments upon which LIFE can afford to dwell.



IT does not appear that the city of New York succeeded in treating all the eminent gentlemen that honored her with their presence on Grant Day with that distinguished consideration which their merits and representative importance entitled them to receive. The Diplomatic Corps has expressed itself as highly gratified with the attention shown to its members; the President, and the Washington officials generally, seem to have fallen into competent hands and to have fared well, but the visiting Governors were not all edified by what was done for them. Governor Tanner, of Illinois, is understood to have expressed himself in very earnest deprecation of the fact that his State, the State with which Grant was most closely identified, was assigned the last place in the military division, and its civil representatives were allowed to look largely to themselves for entertainment. The Governor of Massachusetts, and other Governors, though courtesy has prevented them from criticizing the arrangements made for them, are understood not to have been embarrassed by any superfluous atten-

tions. These are distressing matters to recall. It is not pleasant to hear that New York's hospitality has been thought to be careless or inadequate. The fine appearance of the visiting troops will not be forgotten, nor the grit of the visiting Governors who rode in the procession while the Governor of New York lay low, hugged shelter somewhere, and could not be found.



AN amusing result of the recent Reform Club dinner in New York has been the instant revival of clamorous expostulation against the possibility that Mr. Cleveland may run again for President. Mr. Watterson writes about it in a perfect frenzy of dismay, and apprehends all sorts of dark designs and deep-laid purposes. The trouble is not that Mr. Cleveland has done anything to justify these fears, but that he represents, more conspicuously than anyone else, certain ideas and purposes in politics that a very large and important body of voters believe in. There is great current dissatisfaction with both the old parties, and a better prospect of a strong third party than there has been since the war. If it is necessary to organize a new party in the interest of sound money, a safe currency system, a just, stable and efficient tariff, and economy in expenditures, it is inevitable that the promoters of such an organization should covet Mr. Cleveland's counsel and influence. LIFE does not want to see him President again, but the notion that he must bury himself alive is absurd.



IT was two hundred years last week since Trinity Church was started in New York. Eight years later Queen Anne granted it the Queen's Farm, on the west side of Manhattan Island, which eventually proved the source of great wealth. Trinity has given away, first and last, a large share of her endowment, but she is still very rich and has a great income, which increases as her property improves. Her credit is high and her reputation good. So far as is known she spends her income wisely, carefully and conscientiously, for the promotion of the ends to which she is bound to devote it. It is doubtless just as well for this country that no other church in it is as rich as she is. That ecclesiastical corporations should abound too greatly in material affluence is not to be desired. It is all the more to Trinity's credit that, occupying so exceptional and conspicuous a place as she does, she excites so little envy, and gives so little occasion for criticism or censure. Long may she flourish and prosper, growing in grace as well as in income, and using her means for the promotion of good works.





"HE DECLARES HE WILL WIN ME, IF IT TAKES FOREVER. I SUPPOSE HE THINKS THE TIME WILL COME WHEN I AM SO OLD I WILL *have* TO TAKE HIM."

"YES, HE SAYS HE WILL HAVE YOU IN ANOTHER SIX MONTHS."

## A POSTER.

PAINT a frantic,  
Frenzied antic,  
In any crazy shade;  
Then add some lines  
In mad designs—  
And now your poster's made!

Oh! never fear  
Because it's queer,  
For, on the other hand,  
Your work's in vain  
Should it contain  
A thing they understand.

George Hyde.



## SOME FIREWORKS BY MISS CORELLI.

MARIE CORELLI has plumed herself on the fact that her books sell enormously in spite of the furious attacks and persistent ridicule of the critics of England. Anyone who reads her latest novel, "Ziska" (Stone & Kimball), will have reason to think highly of English critical opinion. It is difficult to imagine more glaring faults, compressed into a reasonable number of pages, than are here exhibited. She has most of the faults except stupidity. Even a hostile critic must admit that her story is not dull; it is preposterous, coarse in streaks, melodramatic, bombastic, and all the other adjectives you wish to apply to it—but it isn't stupid. That is why she may continue to laugh at the critics.

\* \* \*

ZISKA is the sort of heroine to delight the heart of Mr. Stockton's *Pomona*. You can hear her spelling out, with entranced and rapturous interest, a sentence like this: "The light of her golden garments, her jewels and the marvelous black splendor of her eyes, all flashed for a moment like sudden lightning on *Gervase*."

And what a fellow is *Gervase*—the most famous painter in France, who broke feminine hearts with as little concern as he would break a crayon in his work! But when he met *Ziska* the tables were turned, and she avenged all the women he had trifled with. Moreover, we are asked to believe that she had a little score of her own to settle. For, centuries before in Egypt, *Gervase* had lived as the heartless *Araxes* who broke the heart of the earliest edition of *Ziska*. And this was her first chance to get even!

She began by fascinating him, and for the first time in his career as a conquering libertine he felt "the insidious horror of a love like strong drink mounting through the blood to the brains and there making inextricable confusion of time, space, eternity, everything except the passion itself."

Any man who gets hit that way is in a very perilous condition; when time and eternity get mixed something is seriously out of order in the universe. *Gervase* realized it from the first, and painted a

portrait of his beautiful lady-love which scared him and all his friends by looking like a mask of Death! And he did not mean to do it—it just happened that way.

\* \* \*

MISS CORELLI does some very tall writing in the earlier chapters of the book, but she does not turn on the fireworks till the closing scenes, which are set in the heart of the Great Pyramid. There *Ziska* prepares a little surprise for her lover in the shape of a ready-made tomb, which does not seem to fill him with pleasure, even though its walls are crusted with gold and precious stones. *Ziska* is there also, but she is so much like the materialization of a spirit at a séance, that the hero feels his love ooze out and

leave him rather chilly and terror-stricken.

He pulls himself together and tries to make the best of it. He has to, for the tomb is hermetically sealed. Using the art of flattery, at which he had always been an adept, he tries to wheedle her by such remarks as "Forgive me! Come back to me! Hell or Heaven, what matters it if we are together!"

The author kindly leaves us to infer that the little scheme worked, for out of the darkness a Voice said: "Let them go hence, the curse is lifted!"

Nothing is said about where "hence" is or whether they went there. At any rate, we are sure that they never can come back to earth, for which let us give thanks. *Droch.*



## A PROBLEM.

*The Shopper*: THIS IS TOO GAY. I WANT SOMETHING MORE SUITABLE TO MY OWN FACE.

"SOMETHING FIGURED OR PLAIN?"

# LIFE'S OFFER.

WHAT ARE THE TEN BEST SHORT POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?



The original of this picture will be presented to the winner of LIFE's "Pegasus" contest.

WE reproduce herewith the picture which LIFE will send to the one whose list of the ten best short poems comes nearest the combined popular verdict. The size of the picture is twenty by thirty inches and its value is \$125. It will be handsomely framed in gilt.

Send in your list of what you consider the ten best short poems in the English language as early as possible. The competition closes on July 1st.

All lists should be sent to "Pegasus," in care of LIFE. Not more

than one list will be considered from each individual.

\* \* \*

Not to be left behind in the guessing contests, LIFE offers a picture to the one who will name the best ten short poems in the English tongue. The judge of the contest is to be "popular judgment," though how LIFE is going to obtain access to that usually inaccessible oracle is not told.

—Syracuse Post.

QUITE easily. From all the lists received we will take the ten poems that are named the greatest number of times. This is the popular judgment, isn't it? And the one whose list comes nearest to this will be awarded the prize.

## MY ONLY HOPE.

THE first of May has come and gone, and in our new abode  
The gaily painted moving-van has dumped its final load;  
O'er boxes, trunks and crates I've climbed, with most exceeding care,  
Until, by superhuman skill, I'm up the parlor stair.

Two bureaus and a chiffonier before my vision loom,  
And they must be transplanted or I cannot reach the room;  
The only place to put them that my eager gaze can spy  
Is where a lot of bric-à-brac and kitchen fixtures lie.

And now I find my best silk hat is battered out of shape,  
An oil-can fondly nestles in my wife's new velvet cape;  
From underneath the folding bed, that weighs a ton or two,  
Some remnants of the banquet lamp project themselves in view.

Now, as I gaze, a vision comes of happy days and nights  
Employed in that delightful game of Put-the-things-to-rights;  
And, as I doff my coat and cuffs, most earnestly I pray  
That we'll be wholly settled ere we move again—next May!

Wallace Dunbar Vincent.

## EXERCISE EXTRAORDINARY.

NED OBLIGING had always been a weak, puny youthling, and his anxious parents spared no labor or expense in order to find some means of preparing his muscles for life's enormous physical demands. Obliging, senior, consulted a number of brawny-chested men of doubtful moral character, as well as divers consumptive-looking professors of hygiene and physical culture.

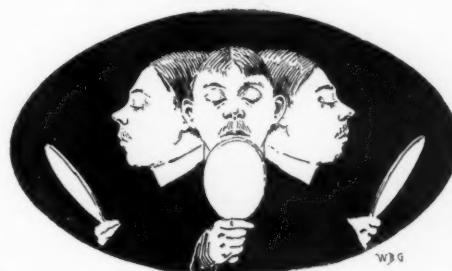
"Send him to my gymnasium for a couple of quarters," said one of the former, grandiloquently; "the horizontal bars and punching-bags will soon fix him up in good shape."

"I would suggest a course of my protoplasmic carbo-hygienical treatment," said the spectacled professors unanimously. "The large and beautifully bound and superbly illustrated volume, containing full directions for acquiring health and vigor after nature's own fashion, is absolutely necessary to your son. I am its author, and the cost is only a nominal one—ten dollars for the book alone, or eleven dollars including my professional services for a whole month. A careful study of the pages of this mighty volume will enable your son to so diet and exercise, that he cannot fail of obtaining a new lease of life."

Yet, somehow or other, the elaborate gymnasium courses and diligent poring over mighty tomes of scientific wisdom had not the desired effect.

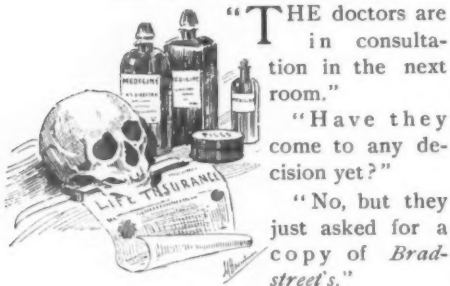
But in the past twelvemonth, without any cost whatsoever, except for liniment and lint, Mr. and Mrs. Obliging have noted with joy the marvelous physical development of their only son. Ned can now run like a frightened deer, his arms are as muscular as a blacksmith's, and his lungs all-powerful. The fact is, Ned Obliging has taught no less than twenty-seven females—of every imaginable age and weight—how to ride their bicycles.

Percie W. Hart.



DOWN ON THEIR UPPERS.

## ARRIVING AT A CONCLUSION.



"THE doctors are in consultation in the next room."

"Have they come to any decision yet?"

"No, but they just asked for a copy of *Bradstreet's*."

IT is a pleasure to congratulate the Rev. John Watson on the refusal of the Synod, which has oversight of his religious opinions, to call him to account for any of the views to which he has given expression. The Synod's action, however, only concerns the matter of Dr. Watson's ideas, and does not in any degree condone his lamentable habit of tricking them out in shameless Scotch dialects.

LIFE persists in hoping that the Governor of New York is not so black as he has occasionally painted himself, and that he will somehow, and in the Lord's good time, develop unpredicted qualifications for practical usefulness. Such a spare, studious-looking, spectacled, austere, schoolmaster-like sort of man ought certainly to have secreted some precious fruit of mental application that will some time do us good.

But dear, dear; how lacking the man is in spectacular instinct! Twelve thousand New York soldiers in line on Grant Day and the Governor of New York nowhere visible! Oh, *tempora*! Not on a horse, not in a four-horse carriage, not even on a bike! Well, Governor, do try to make it up to us in office work and vetoes, but another time remember that when the sun declines to shine the moon should go under too. A staff without a governor has no excuse for publicity.



THE AMERICAN FATHER.

"PA, MR. WITHERS WILL ASK YOU FOR MY HAND PRETTY SOON."

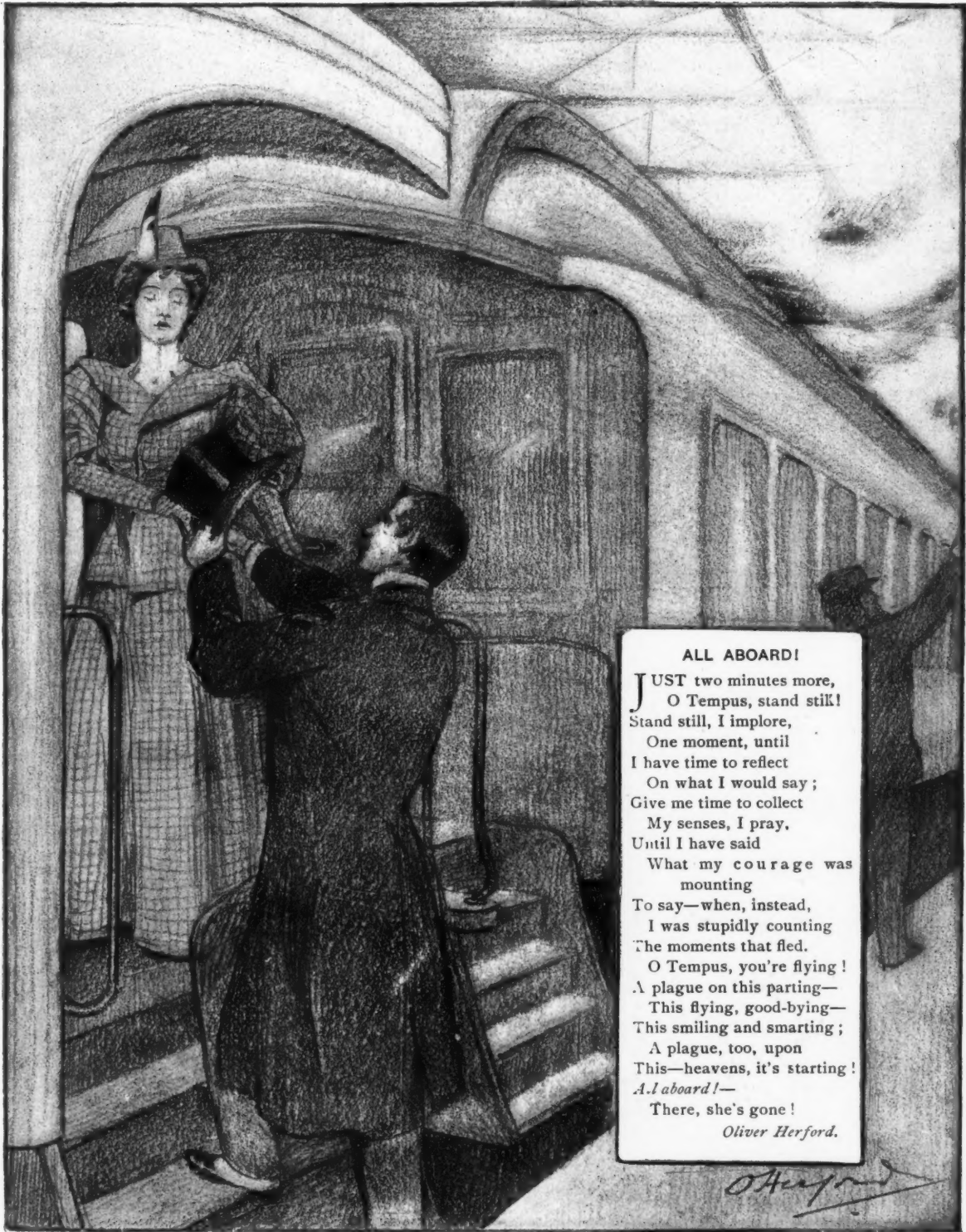
"WHO IS MR. WITHERS?"

"HE IS THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN SPENDING HIS EVENINGS HERE FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS."

## SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH A SINGLE LINE.





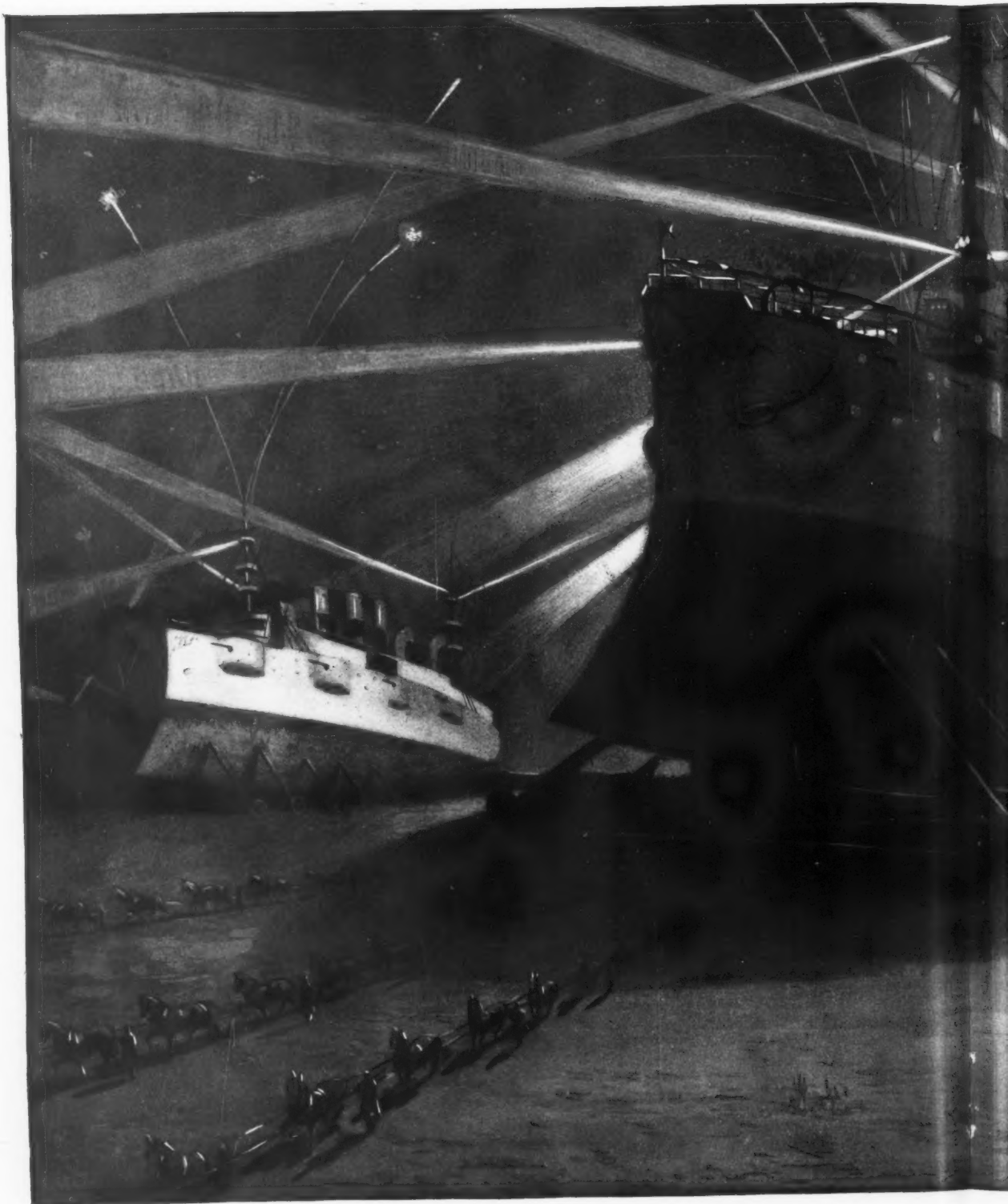


ALL ABOARD!

JUST two minutes more,  
O Tempus, stand still!  
Stand still, I implore,  
One moment, until  
I have time to reflect  
On what I would say;  
Give me time to collect  
My senses, I pray,  
Until I have said  
What my courage was  
mounting  
To say—when, instead,  
I was stupidly counting  
The moments that fled.  
O Tempus, you're flying!  
A plague on this parting—  
This flying, good-byeing—  
This smiling and smarting;  
A plague, too, upon  
This—heavens, it's starting!  
A-l-a-board!—  
There, she's gone!

Oliver Herford.

*Oliver Herford*



THE UNITED STATES  
AS OUR SHIPS ARE UNSAFE ON THE WATER

LIFE •



UNITED STATES NAVY.  
THE WATER WHY NOT TRUNDLE THEM OVERLAND?

## HUMAN NATURE.

THE man who loves my friend is not  
Particularly dear to me,  
My heart reserves its warmest spot  
For him, that hates mine enemy.

P. Leonard.



## THE ACTORS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.



THE natural horrors of early spring in New York are dire enough. A kaleidoscopic climate with rapid shifts from sweltering humidity to bone-freezing winds, from dust-storm to pitch-like mud, from grip to pneumonia, is sufficient to rack the strongest constitution. To these must now be added

the terrors of the barn-storming star with ambitions to try the piece on the metropolitan dog. At this time of year there are plenty of unoccupied theatres where this canine experiment can be made.

New York has never accorded to Miss Fanny Rice that recognition as a star to which she evidently thinks she is entitled. Nevertheless she keeps on demanding it with a perseverance which must be almost as expensive as it is misdirected. When she was at the Casino, in the palmy days of that theatre, she had a pretty voice and a plump figure. To-day the voice is not so pretty and the figure is more than plump. To these should be added a roguish eye or two, and a rippling, gurgling laugh, which ripples and gurgles constantly. Altogether these seem to make a very insufficient equipment for a star, but with them Miss Rice does not hesitate to make what looks very much like a bluff.

The vehicle for her attractions is what the programme calls "A Musical Farical Trifle," than which no other description could be more exact, if only the words "musical" and "farical" were left out. It is called "At the French Ball," and teaches the highly moral lesson that there is no place like home, by the exhibition of ladies in short skirts and long stockings. The intent of this method of teaching may be most praiseworthy, but experience has led sociologists to believe that it is not always convincing. The piece is adapted from the German, and it is doubtless to this source that its one or two good features are due. Its characters are of home make and were evidently arranged to capture the interest of rural audiences, with whom the negro servant and whiskered English duke are presumably always subjects of amusement.

Spring has its terrors, but summer is not far off.

LIFE trusts that the gentlewomen who have made it a rule to remove their headgear at the theatre during the past season will not be discouraged because there yet remain others who do not give this evidence of good-breeding. It has certainly become a more general practice, and largely through force of example. At a recent performance at

one of the Broadway theatres there were very few women in the entire house who kept their hats on. Just before it was time for the curtain to rise there entered two representatives of the more pronounced element. Above their very pink cheeks and very peroxide hair towered two enormous creations of plumes, ribbons and rhine-stones. These confectations were evidently meant to be seen. The curtain was late in going up and their owners had time to look about the house. It is almost incredible, but the sight of all the other women hatless seemed to have a moral effect, and these two persons, who only a little while ago would have gloried in inconveniencing their neighbors, actually removed their hats. They came very near securing a round of applause.

Metcalf.

## A SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

"POOR Mrs. Jaysmith!" exclaimed Mrs. Gargoyle. "Her husband must treat her shamefully."

"What makes you say that?" asked Mrs. Gummey. "She never complains."

"I know it. That is what makes me suspicious."

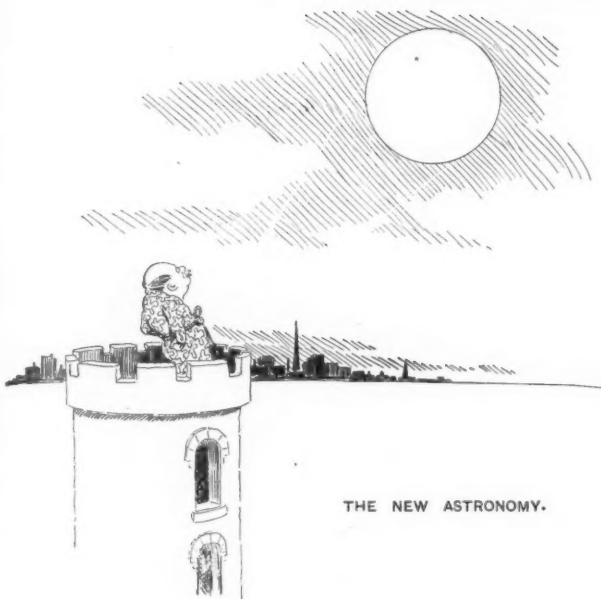
NEVER LAID UP.—The hen's egg.



THE CONGO AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

Ophelia: HERE'S ROSE MERRY FOR YOU.





THE NEW ASTRONOMY.



"SIGNALS, PY GOLLY! BUT—"

### FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN.

**S**UPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;  
Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;  
Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack  
An' muddled up things t' th' devil an'  
back,  
Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,  
Aft'er the wrick wuz all on agin;  
That is, this Finnigin  
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,  
He writed tin pages—did Finnigin.  
An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;  
Full minny a taju, blunderin' wurrd  
Did Finnigin write to Flannigan  
Aft'er the cars had gone on agin.  
That wuz how Finnigin  
Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than  
Finnigan—

He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;  
An' it wore'm clane an' completely out  
To tell what Finnigin writ about  
In his writin' to Muster Flannigan.  
So he writed back to Finnigin:  
"Don't do sich a sin agin;  
Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,  
He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;  
An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole  
month's pa-ay  
That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay

Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,  
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.  
From Finnigin to Flannigan  
Repoorts won't be long agin."

\* \* \*  
Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,  
On the road sup'rintinded by Flannigan,  
A rail give way on a bit av a curve  
An' some kyars went off as they made  
the swerve.

"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,  
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."

An' he winked at McGorrigan,  
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shanty'n' thin, wuz Finnigin,  
As minny a railroader's been agin,  
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin'  
bright

In Finnigin's shanty all that night—  
Bilin' down his repoort, was Finnigin!  
An' he writed this here: "Muster  
Flannigan:  
Off agin, on agin,  
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

*S. W. Gillilan.*

### A WAR TALE.

BEING A ROMANTIC EXHIBIT OF WHAT OUR  
PRESENT PECULIAR PENSION SYSTEM  
IS GOING TO DO FOR US.

**I**N the spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of love,  
and the spring of 1861 was not unlike  
any other spring so far as it had to  
do with the hearts of young men.

But there were other things to  
think about in that stirring time. The  
great war of the rebellion had begun,  
and Harry Hodges had enlisted as a  
soldier at thirteen dollars a month.

And what tears were in the eyes  
of sweet Janie Jermy! Tears of  
unspeakable sorrow as she thought  
of her handsome Harry cold in death,  
and tears of pride as she watched  
him march proudly forth beneath



COLOR TERM.—PRUSSIAN BLUE.



the folds of the flag as the band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

What days those were, when every man went forth to battle for his country regardless of pay—scornful of reward save only the reward of glory!

Six months later Harry Hodges became a fifth corporal, and sweet Janie Jermyn received the tidings but coldly, seeing that for a month past she had been receiving the devoted attentions of a charming colonel of cavalry in a gorgeous uniform, on a gaily prancing steed as high as a fence.

A year later Harry might have come home on a furlough, but he did not, because just at that time Janie was going to marry the colonel, and Corporal Hodges didn't care to be in the same county when it happened.

When the war was over Harry Hodges was twenty-one years old and a second lieutenant, without a scratch on him, and as hearty as a buck.

But he never saw Janie again, because she had moved to a

distant State with the colonel, who was still a colonel when the fight was over.

At thirty-one Harry Hodges was earning his living as a carpenter, with a wife and four children. He had also dabbled a little in politics, and had rendered valuable service to the gentleman in Congress from his district.

At forty-one Harry Hodges, having proved his case, was getting a pension of fifteen dollars a month, and had a large wad of back pension money salted away in the bank.

At fifty-one Harry Hodges was a widower, with an increase of pension and some more back money salted away to his credit.

He was still active in politics, and so was his member of Congress.

At sixty-one Harry Hodges was expecting a re-rating of his pension, and a few more perquisites, as a token of a nation's esteem for a brave soldier who had suffered so grievously in defense of the national life.

For further particulars see speech of the member of Con-



A DOUBTFUL PRIZE.

"WHY DO YOU LOOK SO SERIOUS, HAROLD? WAS PAPA ANGRY WHEN YOU ASKED HIM?"  
"NO, NO! ON THE CONTRARY, HE SEEMED VERY MUCH PLEASED."



CROSS COUNTRY AFTER THE HOUNDS.  
WHEN IT COMES TO THIS THE HORSE IS SURELY OUTDONE.

gress in the back part of the "Congressional Record" of that date.

At seventy-one Harry Hodges was taking it easy on the accumulated evidences of a grateful nation's esteem.

At eighty-one he was still at the same job.

At ninety-one the old gentleman met a sweet girl one day at the store where he bought his smoking tobacco.

She was but sixteen, and her name was Janie. He had heard the proprietor call her that.

What an army of memories that name recalled to Harry Hodges!

And something there was in the girl's face that brought back to him the sound of the fife and the drum, and the old soldier walked out of the store, whistling "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The next day he came to the store—which was also the post-office—and received his pension check, as he had done so many times before. Only never before had this unknown Janie handed it through the window to him.

What a hale and hearty old fellow he was, and how fair the pretty girl seemed as she smiled at him through the little window in the post-office.

Two days later he knew that her name was Janie Jermyn, and that she was the great-granddaughter of the Janie Jermyn he had loved so long ago. How glad he was to know that this Janie Jermyn was dependent upon her own resources for her living, and that he was in a position to help her.

It would be a sweet revenge, a noble vengeance, upon that other Janie Jermyn.

Six months later Harry Hodges and Janie Jermyn were married.

The happy event occurred in June; June, the rose month; June, the goddess of the year; June, 1935, seventy-one years and seventy-one days after the day of Appomattox.

Let us now skip to the year of our Lord, 2015.

A United States pension agent is smiling at a bright-faced old lady.

"Yes," she says, cheerily, "I am the widow of Harry Hodges, and I came after his pension check. I'm five years older than he was when he died, but Harry's health was injured by his service in the army."

"Yes, yes," smiled the agent, handing her the envelope. "Here's the check, Mrs. Hodges, and many returns of the day." — *W. J. Lampton.*



A CERTAIN young lady who is plentifully endowed with the choicest gifts of nature went to a bosom friend the other day and said:

"Marian, I do wish there was some way to find out who among the young men of my acquaintance are sincere and honest in what they say to me. They are all such flatterers that I never know when to believe what they tell me and when not to. I detest falsehood above everything, and it would please me greatly to know those among my friends who are really sincere."

"I will tell you a way," said Marian, who was a sensible, thoughtful little woman. "The next time you have a number of them calling upon you, stand up and recite a dramatic poem for them, and tell me what they say about it."

The young lady consented, and some time afterward when five or six of her warmest admirers had gathered in her parlor she offered to give them a recitation, and did so.

She hadn't the slightest idea of elocution and no dramatic talent whatever, but she went through with it, and it was very, very bad, even for an amateur.

A few days later she met her friend, and she asked her how her effort was received.

"Oh," she said, "they were delighted with my recitation. Tom and Charlie, and Dick and Harry were perfectly entranced. They said Sarah Bernhardt couldn't have equaled it."

"Did every one praise you?" asked her friend.

"All but Mr. Watson. He sat back in his chair and never applauded at all. After I had finished he told me that he was afraid my forte was not in the dramatic line."

"And now," said her friend, "you know who is sincere and who is not."

"Yes, indeed," said the fair girl. "Your test was

a complete success. I'm going to begin studying for the stage right away, and I'll never speak to that odious Mr. Watson again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE minister entered the cottage of one of his parishioners, whence proceeded sounds of woe. Within, a man sat sobbing over the fire.

"What's the matter, Donald?" asked the sympathetic clergyman.

"Oh, sir" (amid sobs), "Duncan McTavish's wife's deid!"

"Well, but I did not know she was any relation of yours, Donald."

"No, she's no" (more sobs); "she's no, but it just seems as if everybody was gettin' a chance but me!"

—*Answers.*

THE PASTOR'S WISDOM.—"I never thought it of you, George," said the pastor's old schoolmate, in the seclusion of the ministerial study. "That I should live to hear you denouncing progressive euchre as wicked."

"If I didn't," said the good man, "they would be playing poker next. But as long as I can keep them believing that they are sinning a little they will stick to their euchre."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.—"Halt!" exclaimed the Turkish commander. "Adjutant, call the roll."

"Rudyard Kipling!"

"Here."

"Stephen Crane!"

"Here."

"Richard Harding Davis!"

"Here."

"All right! Let the word to advance be given."

—*Cleveland Leader.*

Two small and lively urchins were attired in their best the other afternoon to attend the matinee with an

auntie, and in the interval before her appearance escaped just a few seconds from under the watchful eye of their careful mother. When they reappeared after this brief absence the youngest boy Donald, was in condition not to be described, but which necessitated once a change of linen and general refurnishing before he could be seen in polite society again.

"Donald! Donald!" exclaimed his indignant and long-suffering mother "what do you mean? What have you been? Now, I shall have to keep auntie waiting while I dress you all over again. You are a naughty naughty boy."

"Pshaw!" retorted Donald in an injured, defensive tone, "that ain't nothin'. What y' makin' such a fuss about? I on'y crawled through the sewer twice."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

LAWYER: Did you kill your cousin only, and no other member of the family?

PRISONER: Yes, only my cousin.

"What a pity! Had you but murdered the whole family, I might have got you off on a plea of emotional insanity."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

MADGE: I think Jack is going to propose to me soon, mamma.

HER MOTHER: Why do you say that?

"He took me out to look at some tandem wheels last evening."—*Philadelphia North American.*

A GENTLEMAN was limping along Princess Street, Edinburgh, one morning, when a friend accosted him.

"Hallo!" said he, "what's the matter? Are you lame?"

"Ay, temporarily, temporarily," was the reply.

"The fact is, I went home sober last night, and my faithful watchdog gripped me by the leg."—*Answers.*

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"How was it?"

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—*Chicago Tribune.*

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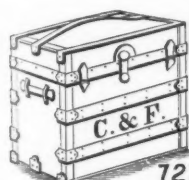


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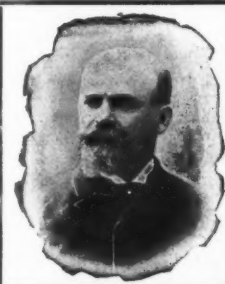
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SOME time ago, Congressman Watson sent  
several large sacks of flower and garden-seeds  
home for distribution among his constituents.  
The papers announced this fact, and for several  
days after there was a constant stream of persons  
coming to the Congressman's law office in  
Columbus. On the last day, a man came up  
and asked for beans. He was given two packages.  
He demurred to this, and reached over into the  
sack and began to fill his pockets. When called  
down by the attendant, the lover of beans said:  
"I haven't got enough for a mess yet. It takes  
more than a quart of beans to make a mess for  
my family."—Argonaut.

CADDY: Have you played much golf yet?

LINKS: Oh, dear, no. I expect to be ready to  
play in another year. This season I am given to  
a study of the names of the things you use in the  
game.—Boston Transcript.

NO PUSHING.—Apropos of an alleged ratification after majority of a debt contracted during infancy by admitting that it was a just debt and promising to pay if the debtor ever got so that he could without inconvenience, the Court in a late North Carolina case says this recalled to the minds of some members of the court a settlement of accounts which may with propriety be preserved as history in the judicial annals of the State. A debtor named Huggins, when solicited to close an old open account by note agreed to do so provided he should be allowed to draft the instrument, and accordingly presented the creditor the following: "I, John Huggins, agree to pay James James \$150 whenever convenient; but it is understood that Huggins is not to be pushed. Witness my hand and seal this the — day of —. JOHN HUGGINS."

—Case and Comment.

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